This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

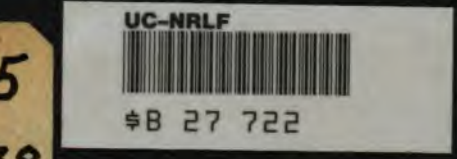
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

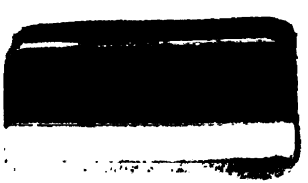
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

985
L438



YC 14541

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.
Gift of Leary, D. F.
Accession 83654 Class 985
L438



TOIL

DANIEL
FLORENCE
& LEARY

Daniel Florence Leary

San Francisco

California

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

EDWIN MARKHAM, THE HOEMAN.

"Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox" (?).

In every breast a garden grows;
In every soul an angel sings;
In every breath I hear the wings,
And every sod doth yield a rose.

TOIL

BY

DANIEL
FLORENCE
LEARY

San Francisco
The Whitaker and Ray Company
(Incorporated)
1900

Copyright, 1900,
by
The Whitaker and Ray Company
(Incorporated).

DEDICATED

TO THE BLOOMING BRIDE WHOM THE FATES LONG AGO
SENTENCED TO BREAK BREAD IN A CELL WITH
ME TILL DEATH SHOULD SEVER.

O, the rarest life, that is free from strife,
  Is the life that true loving lends
Its rays of gold as the life grows old,
  And its light with the shadows blends.
Ah, the toiler's life is a wholesome life,
  When the love that is rarest rings;
For the love that shares in the humble fare
  Is sweet as in court of kings.

O, the spice of life is a winsome wife,
  Where the love of a soul may flow,
With her face so fair, and her love so rare,
  And a heart that 's unknown to woe.
How the years have sped, and the lives we 've led,
  With the soul of true love aglow;
For the love that shares in the humble fare
  Is as sweet as the proud may know.

83654

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

TOIL.

PART I.

I.

How false the note from him who sings
  That toiling lends a sloping brow,
But brutal minds behind the plow;
  His soul may soar, but not on wings.

The world wafts far beyond his ken.
  True toiling is the truest creed,
  The hammer rings in richest meed;
It wins the laurel from the pen.

God wisely works through human will,
  In ways where words must ever fail;
  He moves behind the mystic veil
Of soul and sense to deeds that thrill;

Through impulse oft of lowly minds:—
  Minds meted low by wand of schools,
  Where knowledge, from the brains of fools,
So oft but vapid words unwinds.

II.

A man who will not work, I hold,
  Though walking o'er the teeming earth,
  Within himself is breeding death;
He stalks the earth a phantom cold.

For idleness no boon may bear;
  Its soul can feed no altar-flame;
  No mystic chords the passions tame;
No music beats to banish fear.

It ne'er may bear a precious gift
  To lighten toil, to brighten love;
  It wins no blessing from above.
No smiles unwind; no burdens shift.

III.

There shines in honest hearts of toil
  A lighted altar white and pure,
  Where angels hover to allure
To ways of peace from wrath and broil.

Man toiling strives for that he likes,
  'Twixt life without and wish within,
  The ways are wide he travels in,—
He frequent loses that he strikes.

For some must wear a cross of thorns,
  While others' paths are flower-strewn,
  With every wind some blessing 's blown;
Will weal for toil unwind the Norns.

IV.

The poorest man that walks the earth
  May reach the highest destiny,
Through seas of Psychic Mystery,—
  Upbuild his soul, renew his birth.

Who looks aloft and reaches far
  For wisdom's light to noblest gifts,
  Himself to highest heights uplifts,
His spirit soars, a shining star.

The humblest wight may highest soar,
  The highest peaks of song invest;
  The crudest thought in simple breast,
Refined, may shine the richest ore.

The uncut jewels of his mind,
  When polished into shining thought,
  Are oft with rarest wisdom fraught,
And glow with love for human-kind.

The farmer with a hoe for crest,
  The hardy fisher of the sea,
  The lowly herdsman of the lea —
Their sacrifice by Heaven is blessed.

V.

This little pool of song's desire,
  That glasses all my skies above,
  That ripples to the breath of love
May strike a chord a soul to fire;

May blend in iris hues my words;
  Prismatic beauties glint and glow
  The thoughts that truth may learn to grow,
Chromatic scales; symphonious chords.

And, too, some wizard wind may bless
  With lyric power from heaven cast,
  To wind enchanting bugle-blast
To charm men's souls to righteousness.

For God the frailest soul may teach,—
  Endow with inspiration true,
  To breathe from out the heavens anew
Those lofty thoughts men's souls may reach:

The love of Honor, Truth, the Good,
  To work for others, though alone;
  Erect within the heart a throne
Where God may reign and bless the blood.

VI.

By outward seeming, some are prone
  To magnify too deep within
  Each toiler's frailty to sin,
Too oft but mirror of their own.

Who does not make man's coat the test,
  But judges by the work he saw,
  Who hails the diamond, not the flaw,
Will find that toilers oft are blest.

JOAQUIN MILLER, THE MINER.

The uncut jewels of the mind,
When polished into shining thought,
Are oft with rarest wisdom fraught,
And glow with love for human-kind.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

VII.

I hold that crudest utterance,
Stupidity, or ignorance,
All voicing seeming impudence,
Are full offset by innocence.

I deem it better to be blind
  In all those wicked ways and wiles,
  Where human brains are used as files
To rasp false keys, false charts unwind.

'T is better to be blind and dumb,
  Than tune the voice to honeyed key,
  To hide the blackest infamy,
Lend eye and tongue to wrath to come.

VIII.

The humble hoer of the field
  Bears kinship to the great of old,
  Who worked with God ere earth was cold,
Or virgin soil did fullness yield.

In every breast a garden grows;
  In every soul an angel sings;
  In every breath I hear the wings;
And every sod doth yield a rose.

With dews of toil upon his brow,
  Who listens close may hear the voice
  That bade the shepherds' hearts rejoice;
For God is ever in the Now.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

With every sphere of industry,
  The hoe flings flash in sympathy;
  Each hammer beats in symphony
To song of soul o'er Psychic Sea.

'T was labor sung when Motion woke,
  And all was centered in a breath,
  Ere earth knew aught of life or death,
Or light upon a morning broke.

Ere gas to gas in atoms flew,
  Unblessed by bond or marriage laws,
  The song of toil without a pause
Was breaking all the vastness through,

Until it blossomed forth in laws,
  The soul of truest harmonies,
  The laws of true affinities,
True poetry,—Effect and Cause.

It sings through matter's moving soul,
  With trainèd Reason's siren voice,
  'Til toil and art in gifts rejoice.
It sings the soul's divinest goal.

IX.

Beyond the wildest flights of time,
  Before the man or thing had birth,
  With soul of Motion in a breath
Was poured in toil the soul of rhyme.

Far higher than the highest height,
With all the spheres in sympathy,
It voices song of mystery,
Along the longest reach of light.

Beyond the deepest depths and scopes,
Its songs in waves circumference;
Beyond the scope of Inference;
Beyond the dreamers' dreams and hopes.

It is the chastener and the light
That moves the secret springs of soul;
That rills and thrills from pole to pole;
Preserves the truth, keeps honor bright.

Through cycles as the ages ripe,
Along the passing centuries,
Unfolding nature's mysteries,
It made the printer and the type.

It moved the brain of Angelo.
With Titian it spread the paint;
With Raphael it limned the saint,—
'T is Inspiration's richest glow.

'T is Genius when intensified,
And leaps the air with godlike stride,
The highest peaks of song to ride,
Till art and artist's deified.

X.

The force of birth, each pang of pain,
  Is that as bears the stars apart,
  'T is beating through the human heart,
'T is throbbing through the human brain.

To motion all creation 's lent,
  For change is law of life and space,
  No pause forever in the race,
'T is everywhere omnipotent.

In idleness there is no rest;
  From indolence there flows no weal;
  The planets in their courses wheel;
Wins happiness true toil with zest.

XI.

Thou partner of the shining spheres,
  Within the workshops of the world!
  Preserve thy manhood's flag unfurled,
And mail thy soul 'gainst idle fears.

Nail Truth and Honor to the mast;
  With upright living brighten thought;
  Let words and acts from light be wrought,
And learn the lessons of the Past.

XII.

I hold that wealth cannot alone
  Produce for man the happy state,—
  The pure of heart with soul elate
Alone may sing in joyous tone.

Lo, here is one who spends on Lust;
And some are ruined by game of Chance;
And there doth lurch Intemperance;
And here are all returned to Dust.

For wealth its weight of woe must bear,
That waits on man to latest breath;
It cannot waive the grave or death;
It cannot save, or ward off fear.

To wealth comes wantonness with fears,
That wait on carnal appetites;
Corrosive passions' acid bites
For youth and life cut scant the years.

Ambitious hopes, desires are vain,
Unless they aim for highest good;
To win but wins to troublous brood;
To fail, we brood in trouble's train.

Contentment flows from honest work,
And virtue sweetens proud content;
Of toil it is the supplement:
Where virtue dwells no cares can lurk.

Through all the rashness of our youth,
Through all the fevers of the blood,
'T is toil that saves from vilest brood;
'T is toiling leads and makes for truth.

XIII.

Who life had seen relieved of dust,
  Full absolute in purity,
  His soul would swell in ecstasy,
He never more would wed with Lust.

He ne'er had stooped to scornful scan,
  The humble hoer of the field,
  His noble gifts had ne'er revealed
But words of loving cheer for man.

XIV.

The shadows lengthen from the west;
  I climb the hill of sweet content;
  I gaze through years to toiling lent;
They wear no shade,—I did my best.

From out the mist my chimney glows,
  My heart beats chime to quicker rate,
  There, loving hearts impatient wait,
And lips that glow with richest rose.

Each greeting maketh Winter Spring,
  Blooms Spring to Summer in my grasp,
  As glowing hearts unite to clasp
The joys that love around doth fling.

XV.

My baby clasped upon my knee;
  My wife sits smiling by my side;
  Not all this earth, and worlds beside,
Could bring increase of joy to me.

With face less human than divine,
  She sits and smiles on babe and me;
  What more of bliss with Wealth can be,
Though paled within its social line?

The measure 's full, and that is all
  The rich may have; the proud may boast
  Of joy:—I drink in well-pledged toast,
"As much as mine to great and small."

PART II.

I.

A toiler on the edge of thought,
  The veil removed that hid from me
  Those scenes my youth had failed to see,—
The play of minds with wisdom fraught.

From mystic shore with barren brain
  I gaze, where lights Elysian fields
  From crowning heights that genius yields,
With tears and thoughts that pour like rain.

Springs here and there a tuft of grass,
  And there and here a common flower,
  And commonplace with dearth of power,
And commoner that yet must pass.

Through soul's retort and mental mill,
  To grind the coarse, from dross refine,
  Distilling breath to brighter line,
To flow in rhyme a shining rill.

In cooler shade of fifty years,
  Where blood and brawn have lost their prime;
  Where doves have passed their cooing-time,
And human minds are fraught with fears:—

Through days where passion halts for sense,
I toil, and study out the past,
The thoughts and hopes that there are glassed,
A prophet of Experience.

Perchance some note with music fraught,
Perchance some word with wisdom wise,
Perchance some wit from happier skies,
Some lyric from the heavens caught,

May fall like manna in my brain,
To quicken all the germs of sense,
And bloom to glowing eloquence
From buds that shall not burst in vain.

II.

Lo, darkness broodeth o'er the hour,
As drizzling falls the dreary rain,
So shadows oft foreshadow gain,
For every drop shall yield a flower.

It follows man his mind above,
That shade and shine must alternate,
That good and ill on earth must mate,
And sorrow stalk in wake of love.

By shift of light from sorrow's strand,
I found a spot with wisdom fraught,
Enthroned around the bend of thought
Were Mirth and Wit joined hand in hand.

And down they flew, we circled three,—
  Together danced the sparkling grass;
  The ghosts of fear — dark shadows — pass:
Looked brighter all the earth to me.

With kindest smile I haste to greet
  The humblest wight that treads the earth;
  No brother's soul of good bears dearth,
E'en fungus growths make sweetest meat.

And uttered oft is noblest thought
  Through lips that clothe with raucous voice,—
  Those thoughts that make the soul rejoice,
And bless the teacher and the taught.

III.

Who raises, hoping present gain,
  False hopes to lure the toiling poor,
  False fancies which from toil allure,
Will reap the interest of pain.

For he that lends himself to Hate
  Becomes the galley-slave of Pain;
  He rows within no dawn of Gain;
He reaps but loss to low estate.

But all for him bodes future well,
  Whose breast doth swell for him who sows;
  Whose tribute, like a tree or rose,
Lends calm repose where hoers dwell.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE RAIL-SPLITTER.

The humblest toiler here may hope
For highest gifts at Freedom's hand.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

IV.

Unfold the parchment of the brain,
  And write thereon of wisest deed,
  In lines of life and light that lead
To quicken thought to richest gain:—

Those thoughts of patience, faith, and power,
To bless and crown each weary hour;
That blossom soul and sense to flower,
Though suns may shine or shadows lower.

The thoughts of God that silent brings
  Quick peace to thirsting hearts in dread,
  Like angels winging 'round the head
To lead the mind to brighter springs,

Uplifting thoughts above the broil,
  Till warp and woof of being rings
  Superior sense,— till Labor's kings
Find Rest's and Love's true charm in Toil.

The words that glow, the thoughts that bloom,
  In rich or poorest human's breast,
  The hopes that lull the soul to rest,
That brighten hearts, and banish gloom.

A thought to brighten in the tomb,
  Where Sorrow sits with failing breath,
  A-leaning to the clutch of Death,
A thought to save from pending doom.

V.

An Orpheus the mate of Toil,
I 'd blow a reed through seething Hell,
To banish all the fears that dwell,
From breast of labor that embroil.

My Eurydice from fires of Lust,
From hydra-heads of vip'rous Hate
I 'd lead the soul to higher state;
Divorce the ape, inspire the dust.

With heavenly soul and music's spells;
With gentle thought the face aglow,
All neatly turned in speech to flow,
And show the world: Here Culture dwells.

To shun those paths with evil fraught,
And shallowness with vain pretense,
Where sin doth win to impotence,
Those murky meres and slums of thought.

From Scylla of Intemperance;
The fearful Charybdis of Lust;
The way to kindle leaden dust;
And how to mold a circumstance.

VI.

With love and hope to light the way,
The changing seasons joyous live
And move with melodies that give
A solace to the darkest day.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The light that paints the eastern hills
  With royal hue delights mine eye;
  The green and gold flecked crimson sky,
The music of the murmuring rills,

Are mine. All mine! My soul is fraught!
  The changing beauties of his skies
  That spread before the toiler's eyes,
Transforms and flies,— no art hath caught.

Within the halls of wealth and state,
  No trapping can compare with these;
  The touch of the Infinities;
The glories of my grand estate.

VII.

The signal bell so joyful rings;
  I gladly pass the portals wide
  To toil with brothers side by side,
Where thoughts are wrought direct to things.

O teachers with the raucous voice,
  Who gloveless handle sons of toil,
  Be with us; here is chance to boil
Out honest facts; here gods rejoice.

Ye prate of signs, and words, and tense;
  The toiler's crude attempts at verse,
  His manner, and his vice rehearse,
His ignorance and impotence.

Know! words are chaff, and not the grain;
'T is thought that blossoms into act,
Which gives to man, through toil, a fact,—
Some thing; some hope of bread; some gain.

The toiler is the breath of God,
No hour that 's woven into years,
But something in his hands he bears,—
Some gift for man from out the sod.

No troops of horrid phantoms pass
Before the hopeful toiler's eyes;
He does not pass his days in sighs;
He never cries, "Alas! alas!"

His heart is not a vase of tears,
Where sorrow cries for something lost;
He pays from out his strength the cost
Of life to God—his toiling years.

VIII.

O son of toil! where'er thou art,
I pledge to thee while life shall run.
Thou partner of the blessed sun!
I drink to thee from fullest heart.

Without thee, all but work of chance;
The tares would choke what blooms to flower,
And beauty fade in briefest hour.
Your hands create God's circumstance.

Without thee, seasons roll in vain;
  But jungles spring from out the dust;
  Or deserts with a basic crust
Would bear no blossom for the rain.

IX.

But I must move with bovine pace,
  A stolid ox with brutal mind;
  So saith a genius of our kind,—
A lordly mind with courtly grace.

Am I the brother of the ox?
  And he an ape with longer rope,
  Who climbs to view a wider scope,—
Sees genii leave his prison box?

Or fisherman who casts the net,
  And drags the box from out the deep?
  Far better let the genii sleep,
Than to unbind to vain regret;

Far better let the tiger die;
  Far better ape evolve to ox;
  Consign the monster of the box
Forever in the depths to lie.

Condense those vapors, Rank and Hate,
  With Prejudice, beneath a wave
  Of Labor's self-respect, and save
Through higher ways to noblest state.

Don't leave us indexed by your scorn,
  Upheld upon your pen to view;
  With genius' flowers our pathway strew;
Bring love to light each coming morn.

With love and truth to light out scorn,
  And like a herald in the east,
  Go, blow your bugles for the feast,—
High priest's reveille to the morn.

Proud manhood's priest, and prophet too,
  The poet who but lends to Peace;
  Who sings contentment to release
The toiler's soul from bane and rue.

To teach that toil is light from God;
  That Idleness leads swift to crime;
  That Vice and Sloth beat even time,
With eyes cast downward to the sod,

Beat slow and sure in equal pace,
  O'er paths where naught from Shame may save;
  Beat slow and sure to pauper's grave,
And weeds that clog the upward race.

Make holocaust of naked art,
  And build the fire upon the bones
  Of hoary hermit that intones
With brain of mold and heart of stone.

JAMES A. GARFIELD ON THE TOWPATH.

Who looks aloft, and reaches far
For wisdom's light to noblest gifts,
Himself to highest heights uplifts:
His spirit soars, a shining star.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

From out the homes where virtue dwells
  Keep harlots from a putrid past;
  The ape, the fouling faun, the beast,
The vilest spawns from ancient hells.

x.

Electra wildly through the night,
  She flies o'er many a darksome road.
  No orbit guides, no fixed abode,—
A menace to each steady light.

Ah, better far she bind her locks,
  And be the seventh beauty rare,
  To steady plod our evening air;
Swing full to view of "*brother ox.*"

And in the handle or the bowl,
  She shine full brilliant to our view,
  I pledge the *Dipper* full to who
Rebuilds a Troy, redeems a soul.

xi.

And this is knowledge, so 't is said,
  To catalogue and mark such wares,
  Without which, Toil is in arrears,
With drooping jaws, and reason fled.

Pray, keep the knowledge! Toil is wise
  To lay aside the marking-pot;
  We 'll jumble up the wretched lot,—
The sin and shame, the lies and sighs,

That cling around those moldering walls.
  What matter if the satyr sleeps?
  What matter if Niobe weeps,
Or Endymion sleeps or crawls?

We 'll crunch them up, and grind them well,
  'Twixt upper and the nether stones;
  What matters flesh upon the bones?
'T was seared in hottest depths of hell.

No more nude Oreads on the hills;
  No satyrs' beastly intercourse;
  No strumpet naiads out in force
To shame their silvery native rills.

What matter if nude Nereids hide
  For evermore beneath the waves,
  And monsters' slime grow hard in caves?
'T is better here that virtue bide.

XII.

Breaths' echoes faint of ghostly groans,—
  The ghastly ghosts of Trojan wars,—
  Their names we read among the stars,
Their dust is lying on the stones.

But dust is much, and names are naught;
  The names are there, the dust is here;
  Their good is neither here nor there,
And yet we seek for what they sought.

So, rattle up the hero dust;
A Paris and a Helen take,
And mold a prophet, or a fake.
Our hoes have split the ages' crust!

Here, Argus with his hundred eyes;
Go, hide him quick — he sees too much;
Lame Poesy upon a crutch;
Quick! rip her up! 't will save us sighs.

Hic jacet Achilles the Great,
And Memnos of the mighty mind.
Alas! is memory unkind,
Immortals to amorphous state

Reduce? We 'll mold to better plan:
'T was booty, blood, and lust for power
Brought proudest of the earth to flower.
We 'll mold anew through Son of man.

We 'll mold anew the tiger dust,
And bind with Christ's own precious blood,
And blend a race in brotherhood,
With ash of Apes and wrecks of Lust.

XIII.

Build up the new from out the Past;
Erase the crust from off the stones.
What matter? Rattle up the bones,—
But dust to dust that 's breathed its last.

What matter? Fashion it anew;
The elements combine in place.
The good, the better, and the base
Are built alike, from but a few.

It matters not from what we take;
It matters much how we combine —
The atoms mix and on what line —
To toadstool or the toothsome make:

Lo, there, o'er Agamemnon dead,
There blooms the sweetest-scented rose
That in the cultured garden grows;
The richest scent, the deepest red.

And here, where lieth hideous hate,
A lily blooms, of purest white,—
A ray of light, grown to indict
Those growlers at the hands of Fate.

XIV.

The shadows blacken o'er the grass;
A shiver creeps, I gasp for breath;
A fear, like from the face of Death,
Did slowly o'er my senses pass.

I 've passed an ancient gate of hell,
I 'm haunted in a hideous grot
By nightmares brooding o'er the spot,—
I 'm seized as by a demon's spell.

Old Sisyphus with stone is near
(This figure caused us recent sigh),
Here 's Yankee hands to roll it high,
And Yankee wit to keep it there.

Amid these scenes Æneas trod,
While hell was young and passing warm,
With living monsters still in swarm,
With Rhadamanthus cursing God.

And this is hell; so here are we
Beyond the power of farther flight—
To farther depths; we 'll follow light,
With farthest suns in symphony.

XV.

O Lyra with the beauteous light!
We hail thee as the men of old.
We 're rushing since the sun first rolled;
We seem no nearer thee to-night.

Through all the æons passed of time,
Our solar system flies to thee;
Like lightning's flash through ether sea
We speed, but never gain a line.

Art thou a star, or likeness fair
From some diviner sunlight caught?
Some ignis fatuus danger-fraught,
Or empty castle in the air?

Arcturus, the great southern star,
  Is speeding earthward swift as light,—
  For æons flying 'cross the night,
And yet we hail it from afar.

And what are they, and what are we?
  And whence began, and whither go?
  Or go forever — never know —
Forever fly through Mystery?

But God is ever looking down,
  Whatever finds our hands to do.
  Though hid from sight or full in view,
In duty fail, we 'll feel his frown.

XVI.

The stormy morn awakens pale;
  No rosy sunlight plays a part;
  But light grows strong from out my heart,
To gild the path, or blaze the trail.

The Winter's hueless folds of cloud
  Throw o'er the earth a wannish glare;
  No songs of birds to greet the air;
Within, my heart is singing loud.

For why should I, the lord of all,
  Whose soul to love's true cadence swings,
  Be influenced by soulless things,
My hopes to droop, my spirits fall?

Barometer for cloud and storm,
  A time-glass for the gloomy hours,
  A horologe in sunless showers,
A soulless, dull, mechanic form?

My soul is sun unto the morn;
  It bides with bliss through storm and shower.
  It lights with love each gloomy hour,
And all my ways with bloom adorn.

XVII.

Lord, did we know that thou art near,
  Forever standing by our side,
  Would be no baseness then to hide,
Nor consequence of crime breed fear.

Be with us, Lord, in conscious form.
  Preserve from sin, preserve from shame,
  That ripens through the sensuous frame,
That wins but wrath and noble scorn.

O, teach us random thought to mold,
  And shape to noble influence,
  That blooms to blessed consequence,
As flowers develop and unfold.

Remold, refashion thought in words,
  By heaven's gracious alchemy,
  Full free from obscene blasphemy,
And touch our beings' sweetest chords.

Remold, refashion, and renew
  The minds that grope through darkest ways;
  Their steps retrace to light and praise;
Shape mind and heart to wisest view.

Bid Eros speed recruits from Mars;
  May evermore be sheathed the sword;
  Through poets weave thy mystic Word;
And save us from the shock of wars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SONG.

This nosegay, my sweet, from thy hand,
  By thy hand freshly plucked from the field,
Love, the touch of thy hand is a magician's wand
  That without it no odor 't would yield.

By the light of the dewdrops it bears,
  That like tears glisten fresh from the lea,
I do swear that as Time for me years shall entwine
  Shall my soul bud to bloom but for thee.

Should a weed feel the touch of thy hand,
  'T would expand ever fragrant and fair;
And my soul like a rose would rich beauty disclose,—
  As a rose exhale sweets to the air.

A WOMAN'S REQUEST.

"Sing me a sweet, glad song of the heart,"
  Like a bird's, escaped from prison;
A song of delight that had birth above
  Ere sun o'er a sea had risen.
A trill from the rill of love divine,
  As it flows to the mystic sea —
A chord, that shall thrill my soul, from thine
  With a joyous ecstasy.

Tell me the tale, as of olden told,
In the deathless words that shine,
In the old, sweet words, ere a star had rolled,
That were poured from lips divine.
Voice me the glow of a heart's true love,
Ere love ever linked with shame;
A love that is pure as heaven above,
And I 'll carve on my heart thy name.

SONG.

Let us sing as the moments fly,
And the days will not seem long,
When the heart and the voice rejoice
In a soul that is filled with song;
In a life that is free from stain
Let it fly on a gladsome wing;
To the toiler's soul, like a cheering bowl
Is the song with a cheery ring.

Let us laugh, and our toil is play,
Though we work till the hour be late;
Let us laugh and sing while our hammers ring,
And we pluck out a flower from fate.
With a heart that no fate lends fear,
Let us joy while the day is young;
Let us live ever bright, with our souls to the light,
Where the jewels of life are strung.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, THE PAINTER.

The humblest wight may highest soar,
  The highest peaks of song invest:
  The crudest thought in simple breast,
Refined, may shine the richest ore.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

LOVE AMONG METAPHORS.

Birth is a curve, love, and Death is its mate,
And Life is the clause, love, that 's held at low rate;
And minor the key is; 't is rung in by Fate.
This world would naught be without it.

Between these two curves, love, together, we two,
So close to my heart I would swing, sweet, with you;
And your eyes would be heaven forever in view —
My life, love, is worthless without you.

And Time is a sea, love, and Life is a wave,
And Birth is the starter; the goal is the grave.
'T is mighty rough riding, this billow we crave —
The ride, love, is lonely without you.

And Hope is a truant, who swims all the day;
With the last as the first, love, he 's ripe for the fray;
And he 'll keep on a-swimming till the last fade away —
But life would be flat, love, without him.

And Birth is a gate, love, and Life is the way;
And Heaven a playground, I 've heard people say;
And Death is the fee for admission we pay —
Your love would be pass-key without it.

Is Birth, too, a 'bus, love? And Life is the inn
Where Revel and Riot so oft raise a din.
But the lover and loved are safe snuggled in —
My life is a riot without you.

This life is a riddle, and Love is the key.
To unravel the riddle, love, labor with me.
And Love need a breeches, we 'll raise a fig tree —
For Cupid 's so nude, love, without it.

EN PASSANT.

Lo, there, o'er Agamemnon dead,
Doth bloom the sweetest blushing rose
That in the cultured garden grows,—
The richest scent, the deepest red.

Pray, potter! can you prophet make
From blood of ass and ash of ape?
From dust of Shakespeare, as we pass,
Pray, potter, can you mold an ass?
Make bunko-steerers lead from springs,
Cast sewer-pipe from mold of kings?
And canst thou mold a hero's bust
From coward's dust and wrecks of Lust?
A patriot from Arnold's mold?
An orator from clay of scold?
A cherub from a Nero make?
A preacher from the dust of snake?
From crassament of coarsest ox
Canst shape a Markham on thy blocks?
And whilst about it, potter, say,
A hoeman mold from Markham's clay;
From John B. Gough — God rest his soul —
Please fashion bacchanalian bowl;

Madonna's face from Gorgon's, fierce;
The bust of Christ from Ambrose Bierce.
And, potter friend, now wilt thou hence
From Jordan's grave shape man of sense?
O'er dust of Omar, as we pass,
There stands an empty whisky-glass,—
From hand that held, the lip did sup,
Canst fashion a communion-cup?
Unlike old Omar, I will not
Ask, Which is potter? which the pot?

OUR FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Patterson.

Ah, brighter far than crest or star
  Is Friendship's heart of gold,—
The love that flight of time can't mar,
  Nor frosts of age bring cold.
The sweetest thing that life can bring
  Comes with the hearts aglow,
Of dear old friends, the true old friends,
  The friends of long ago.

Bright beauty rare with golden hair,
  And jeweled hand and breast;
Shone millionaires and princes there,
  With many a star and crest.
As swept along the social throng,
  With happiness aglow
Came dear old friends, the long-tried friends,
  The friends of long ago.

O, glad surprise 'neath Western skies
To meet, 't was happy fate.
My friend was wise — who proudly tries
May rise to rich estate.
The joyful play of souls that day
But truest hearts can know
When memory blends, for old-time friends,
The lights of long ago.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19, 1900.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

83654

YC 14541

Leary: Jail.